

Accessions

153.449

Shelf No.

C4073.11

Barton Library.

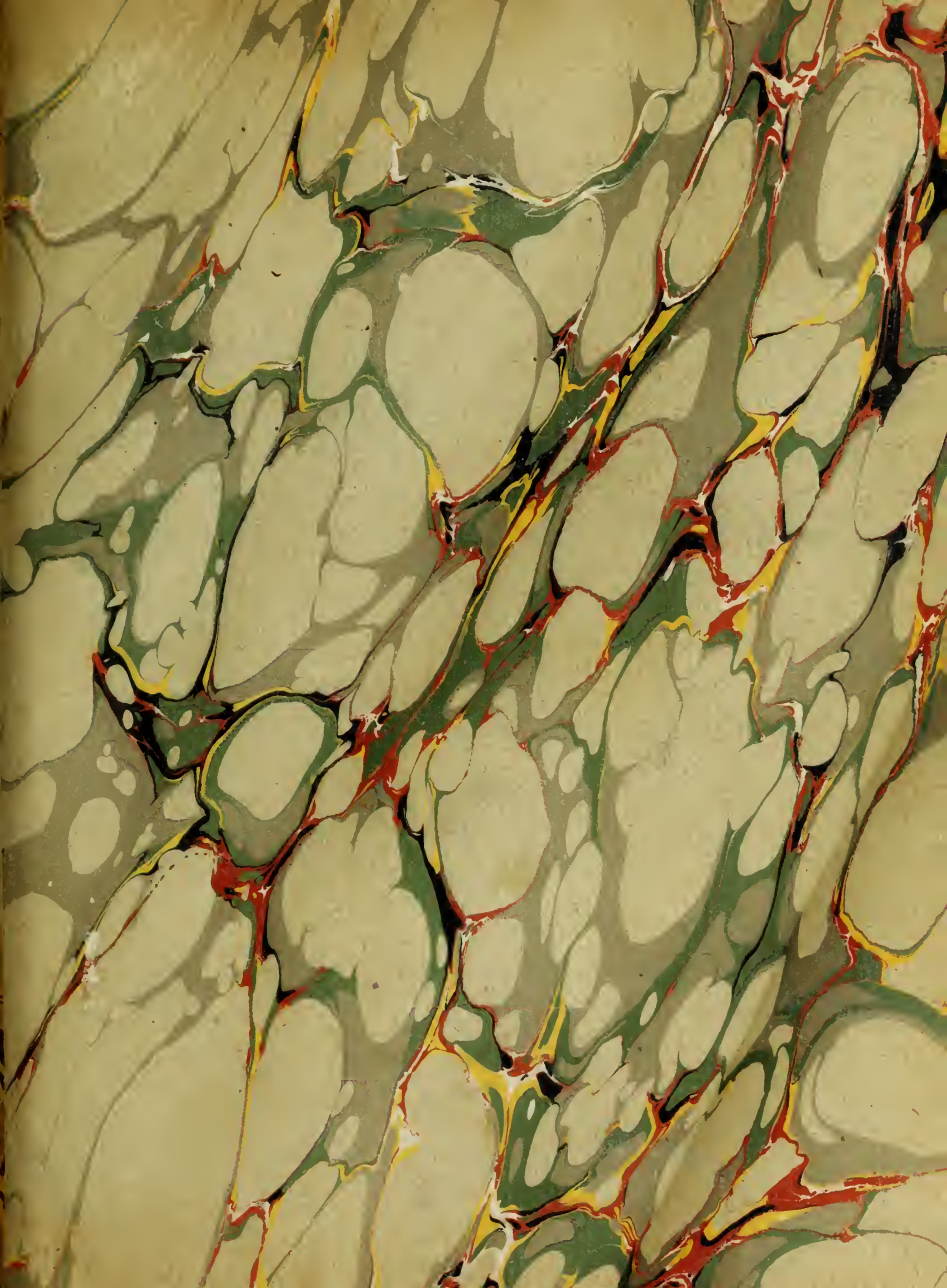


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.





2

A
PARAENESIS
to the Prince

By WILLIAM ALEXANDER
of Menstrie.



L O N D O N,
Printed by RICHARD FIELD for
EDVARD BLOVNT.

1 6 0 4.



A PARADISE

in the South

I have been told that the
Landscape is very beautiful
The water is very pure
The air is very fresh
And the people are very kind
I have been told that the
Climate is very warm
The food is very good
The houses are very comfortable
The people are very friendly

It is a very beautiful place
The water is very pure
The air is very fresh
And the people are very kind
I have been told that the
Climate is very warm
The food is very good
The houses are very comfortable
The people are very friendly

It is a very beautiful place
The water is very pure
The air is very fresh
And the people are very kind
I have been told that the
Climate is very warm
The food is very good
The houses are very comfortable
The people are very friendly



A PARÆNESIS to the Prince.

I

LO here (braue Youth) as zeale and dutie moue,
Labour (though in vaine) to find some gift
That's worthie of thy greatnesse, and my loue :
But whilst my selfe about my selfe I list,
And would the best of mine inuentions proue,
I stand to studie what should be my drift:
Yet this the greatest approbation brings,
Still to a Prince to speake of princely things.

2

VWhen those of the first age, that earst did liue
In shadowie woods, or in a humide caue;
And taking that which th'earth vnforc'd did giue,
Would pay but that which Natures need did craue;
Then beasts such numbers did of breath deprue:
They following *Amphion* those retires did leaue,
VWho with harmonious sounds brought them together,
That each in danger might assist another.

3

Then building walles, they barbarous rites disdain'd,
The sweetnesse of societie to find,
And all t'attaine that th'vnion entertain'd,
As peace, religion, and a vertuous mind:
That so they might haue restlesse humors rain'd,
Their liberties with lawes they straight confin'd:
And of the better sort the best prefer'd,
To chastise those, against the lawes that err'd.

A Parænesis to the Prince.

4

I wote not if th'ambitious that aspir'd,
Ore many realmes to make themselves a right,
Or if the worlds disorders so requir'd,
That then had put *Astrea* to the flight;
Or if t'was some whose vertues were admir'd,
And eminent in all the peoples sight,
That mou'd peace-louers for to reare a throne,
And giue the keyes of life and death to one.

5

When as that dignitie did first begin,
T'was proper to each prouince and t'each towne;
And as when *Forth* doth from *Benlowmond* rin,
Shee's poore of waters, naked of renowne:
But taking *Teath*, *Allon*, and *Douen* in,
Doth grow the greater still, the further downe,
Till that abounding both in power and fame,
She striues with th'Ocean, who should brooke the name.

6

Euen so those soueraignties that once were small,
Still swallowing vp the nearest neighbring state,
With a deluge of men did th'earth appall:
And thus th'Egyptian *Pharaohs* first grew great;
Thus did th'*Affyrians* make so many thrall;
And thus the Romaines rear'd th'Imperiall seate;
And thus all those great States to worke haue gone,
Whose limits and the worlds were all but one.

7

But Ile not plunge in such a stormie deepe,
That neither hath a bottome, nor a shore;
But in the dust Ile let those ashes sleepe,
That cloath'd with purple once th'Earth did adore,
Of them scarce now a monument we keepe,
That haue so thundred in the world before.

Their

A Parænesis to the Prince.

Their states that by a numbers ruine stood,
Were founded and confounded both with blood.

8

If I would call antiquitie to mind,
I might me for an endlesse taske prepare.
But what? ambition that was euer blind,
Did get with toile that which was kept with care;
And all those mightie Monarchies we find
Their falles were famous, as their risings rare:
And euer since th'vnconstant world began,
All that by vice was lost, which vertue wan.

9

Yet registers of memorable things,
Would helpe (great Prince) to make thy iudgement sound,
Which to the eye a perfect mirrour brings,
Where all should glasse themselves that would be crown'd:
Seeke out a stage where th'actors all are Kings,
The parts heroicke, and the end renown'd;
Which whilst thou in thy cabinet dost sit,
Is worthy whiles t'amuse thy growing wit.

10

And do not, do not now the meanes omit
To match the time that comes with it that's by,
Since Historie may leade thee vnto it,
A pillar whereupon good sprites rely;
The table of all times, the nurce of wit,
The square of reason, and the minds cleare eye,
That leades th'vndanger'd Reader through huge harmes,
Who stands as t'were secure amidst th'alarmes.

11

Nor is it good ouer braue mens liues to wander,
As one that at each corner stands amaz'd:
No, labour like some one thy selfe to render,
Who to the height of glorie hath bene rais'd.

A Paranesis to the Prince.

So *Scipio Cyrus, Caesar Alexander,*
And that great Pince, chos'd him whom *Homer* prais'd:
Or make (as which is recent and best knowne)
Thy fathers life a patterne of thine owne.

12

Yet looking great mens liues this much impaires
The profit that that benefite imparts,
While as transported with preposterous cares:
To imitate but superficiall parts,
Some for themselues frame of their fancies snares,
And shew what follie doth ore-sway their hearts:
For counterfeited things do staines imbrace;
And all that is affected hath no grace.

13

All those that of those outward things take hold,
Do show by that, they can no higher win.
So to resemble *Hercules* of old,
Mark Antonie would beare the Lions skin;
And th'heire of *Alcibiades* it's told,
Would such a course (though to his scorne) begin,
Who to seeme like his father that was dead,
Would make himselfe to lifpe and bow his head.

14

No, who would rightly follow such as those,
Must of the better parts apply the powers;
And as th'industrious Bee aduis'dly goes
To seize vpon the best, shunne baser flowers:
So where thou dost the greatest worth disclose,
To compasse that be prodigall of houres,
And studie not so much to seeme, as be:
Nor seeme not for to know that which we see.

15

And to resemble thy renowned Syre,
Thou hast not to affect no slender things:

But

A Paranesis to the Prince.

But matchlesse vertues that all minds admire,
Whose treasure to this realmes great comfort brings:
T'attaine to those (thou Race of kings) aspire,
That they may yeeld thy fame immortall wings:
And like the Eaglets prouing thus thy kind,
Thou art both his of bodie and of mind.

16

Ah, be not those most miserable soules,
That for to fine their iudgements neuer strive,
Nor will not looke vpon the learned scroules,
That do experience to th'vnpractis'd giue;
But, whilst base slouth each better care controules,
Are dead in ignorance, entomb'd aliue:
Twixt such and beasts the difference is but small:
They vse not reason, beasts haue none at all.

17

O diuine treasure, that the best sort loues,
Life of the soule, reformer of the will,
Cleare light, that from the mind, each cloud remoues;
Pure source of vertue, phisicke for each ill;
That in prosperitie a bridle proues,
And in aduersitie a pillar still:
Of thee the more men get, the more they craue;
And thinke the more they get, the lesse they haue.

18

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,
What should they do this treasure to obtaine,
Whom time doth promise in a throne t'enstall,
Where they by it of all things must ordaine?
If it make those who by their birth were thrall,
As litle kings, whilst ore themselues they raigne;
Then it must make, when it hath throughly grac'd them,
Kings more then kings, and like to him that plac'd them.

This is a griefe that all the world bemones,
Whilst those lacke iudgement that are borne to iudge,
And like to painted tombes, or gilded stones,
Are for th'afflicted people no refuge.
Kings are their kingdomes hearts, which tainted once,
The bodies straight must die, in which they lodge:
And those, by whose example many fall,
Are guiltie of the murder of them all.

The meanes that best make maiestie to stand,
Are lawes obseru'd, good counsels brought t'effect:
The Crowne the head, the Scepter deckes the hand:
But onely knowledge doth the thoughts erect.
Kings should excell all them that they commaund,
In all the parts that do procure respect:
And this a way, to what they would, prepares,
Not onely that it's good, but that it's theirs.

Nor should they seeke respect for, to procure
With loath'd tyrannicke deedes, and guards most leud.
So *Nero* did, yet could not so assure
The brangling Diademe with blood imbrude;
Nor as the Persian kings, that liu'd obscure,
And of their subiects rarely would be view'd.
So one of them was secretly orethrowne,
And in his place the murthrer raig'n'd vnknowne.

No, onely goodnesse doth beget regard,
And equitie doth greatest glorie win;
To plague for vice, and vertue to reward;
That which they would haue done, for to begin:
This is t'authoritie a powerfull guard,
And makes a Princes praise ore all to rin;

A Paranesis to the Prince.

VVhose life his subiects law, clear'd with his deeds,
More then *Iustinians* toiles, good order breeds.

23

All those that ore th'vnbaptiz'd nations raig'n'd,
By barbarous customes sought t'engender feare,
And with a thousand tyrannies constrain'd
All them that they subdude their yoke to beare:
But those whom great *Iehoua* hath ordain'd,
Aboue the Christians lawfull thrones to reare,
Must seeke by worth to be obeyd by loue,
So hauing raig'n'd below to raigne aboue.

24

O happie *Henrie*, that art highly borne,
Yet beautifiest thy birth with signes of worth,
And though a child, all childish toyes doest scorne,
To show the world thy vertues budd'ing forth,
Which may by time this glorious yle adorne,
And bring eternall Trophees to the North:
While as thou doest thy fathers forces leade,
And art the hand, while as he is the head.

25

Thou like that gallant thunderbolt of warre,
Thir'd *Edwards* sonne, that was so much renown'd,
Shalt shine in valour as the morning starre,
And plenish with thy praise the peopled round.
But like to his, let nought thy fortune marre,
Who in his fathers time did die vncrown'd.
Long liue thy Syre, so all the world desires;
But longer thou; so natures course requires.

26

Although time once thee by thy birth-right owes,
Those sacred honors that men most esteeme,
Yet flatter not thy selfe with those faire showes,
Which are not altogether as they seeme;

B

Whose

A Parænesis to the Prince.

Whose burd'nous waight the bearer but orethrowes,
That could before of no such danger deeme.

Then if not arm'd in time thou make thee strong,
Thou dost thy selfe and many a thousand wrong.

27

Since thou must manage such a mightie state,
Now border'd but with th'Ocean and the skies;
Then euen as he, who iustly was cal'd Great,
Did (prodigall of paines to fame r'arise)
With both the parts of worth, his worth dilate,
As learn'd as valiant, and as stout as wise:

So now let *Aristotle* lay the ground,
Whereon thou after may thy greatnesse found.

28

For if addicted to a base repose,
Thou didst (as thou dost not) mis-spend thy prime;
O what a faire occasion would'st thou lose,
Which after would be rued, though out of time?
Now to a vertuous course thy thoughts dispose,
While fancies are not glu'd with pleasures lime.
Those that their youth t'a little paines engage,
Acquire great ease vnto their perfect age.

29

Now is it time with magnanimious parts,
To shew the world what thou pretend'st to be,
And for t'imprint in all the peoples hearts,
That which thou would'st they should expect of thee;
That so preoccupied with such deserts,
They after may applaud the heau'ns decree:

When that day comes, which if it come too soone,
Then thou and all this Isle would be vndone.

30

And otherwise what trouble should'st thou find,
If first not seiz'd of all thy subiects loue?

To deale with diuers humors, and to bind
Perchance some mal-contents thy courset' approue?
For then a number would suspend their mind,
As doubting what thou afterward might'st proue.
And when a Realmes affections thus are cold,
Of that aduantage forreiners take hold.

31

I graunt in this thy fortune to be good,
That art t'inherit such a glorious Crowne,
As once descended from th'annointed blood,
That oft hath filld the world with true renowne;
The which still on the top of glorie stood,
And not so much as once seem'd to looke downe:
For who thy branches to remembrance brings,
Count what he list, he cannot but count kings.

32

And pardon me, for I must pause a while,
And at a thing that's worthy to b' admir'd:
Since those from whom thou com'st raign'd in this yle,
Lo now of yeares euen thousands are expir'd;
Yet none could there them thrall, nor thence exile,
Nor neuer fail'd the line so much desir'd.
The hundreth and seuenth parent liuing free,
May leaue a neuer-conquer'd crowne to thee.

33

Nor hath this onely fortun'd but by chance,
Of alterations then there had bene some:
But that great Progenie, which still did glance,
Would so presage the thing that was to come,
That this vnited yle should once aduance,
And by the Lion led, all Realmes orecome:
For if it kept a little free before,
Now hauing much no doubt it must do more.

34

And though our nations long, I must confesse,
Did roughly woo before that they could wed,
That but endeeres the vnion we possesse,
Whom *Neptune* both combines within one bed:
All th'ancient iniuries this doth redresse,
And buries that which many a battell bred.

A discord reconcil'd (if wrath expire)
Doth breed the greatest loue and most entire.

35

Of Englands *Marie* had it bene the chance
T'haue made King *Philip* father of a sonne,
The haughtie-minded Spaniards pride t'aduance,
All Albions beautie had bene quite orerunne;
Or yet if Scotlands *Marie* had heir'd France,
This yle to liue in thraldome had begunne:

Of which, if that a stranger brookt a part,
That would to take the other meanes impart.

36

Thus were we from two dangers twise preferu'd,
When as we seem'd without recouerie lost,
As those that from their freedome freely sweru'd,
And suffred strangers of our bounds to boast:
Yet were we for this happie time preferu'd,
And but to hold it deare a little crost,

That of the *Stuarts* might th'vndanted race,
Dominions equall with their minds imbrace,

37

Of that blest progenie th'experienc'd worth,
Hath of the people a conceit procur'd,
That from the race it neuer can go forth,
But as hereditary is thought assur'd:
Thus (sonne of that great monarke of the North)
They are t'obedience happily inur'd,

A Paranesis to the Prince.

Ore whom thou art expected for to raigne,
To haue good ancestors t'is a great gaine.

38

He that by tyrannic his throne doth reare,
And dispossesse another of his right,
Whose panting heart dare neuer trust his care;
For being odious in the peoples sight,
Whilst he both hath and giues great cause of feare,
Is spoyling all, at last spoil'd of the light:
And those that are descended of his blood,
Ere that they be belecu'd, must long be good.

39

Yet though we see it is an easie thing,
For such a one his state for to maintaine,
Who being by his birth-right borne a King,
Doth with the countries loue the crowne obtaine,
The same doth many to confusion bring,
Whilst for that cause they care not how they raigne.
O, neuer throne estabish'd was so sure,
Whose fall a vitious Prince might not procure.

40

Thus do a number to destruction runne:
And so did *Tarquin* once abuse his place,
Who for th'infamous life he had begunne,
Was barr'd from *Rome*, and ruin'd all his race.
So he whose father of no King was sonne,
Was father to no King, but in disgrace
From *Sicile* banish'd with the peoples hate,
Did die in *Corinth* in a base estate.

41

And as that Monarke merites endlesse praise,
Who hath first founded some renown'd Empire;
So all the world with scornefull eyes may gaze
On their degener'd stemmes that might aspire,

A Paranesis to the Prince.

As hauing greater power their power to raise,
Yet of their race the ruine do conspire,
And for their wrong-spent life with shame do end:
Kings chastis'd once, they get no time t'amend.

42.

Those that reposing on their princely name,
Can neuer giue themselues to care for ought,
But for their pleasures every thing would frame,
As all were made for them, and they for nought,
Once th'earth will spoile their bodies, men their fame,
Though whilst they liue, all for their ease be wrought;
And those conceits on which they do depend,
Do but betray their fortunes in the end.

43

This selfe conceit, doth so the iudgement smoke,
That when ought well succeeds with some through it,
They on the same with great affection looke,
And scorne th'aduise of others to admit.
Thus did braue *Charles* the last Burgundian Duke,
Deare buy a battell purchas'd by his wit,
Who euer after trusting to the same,
Was brought vnto confusion and to shame.

44

O sacred counsell, quintessence of soules;
Strength of the common-wealth, that chaines the fates,
And euery danger, ere it come, controules;
The anker of all realmes, staffe of all states,
O sure foundation that no tempest foules,
On which are builded glorious workes, great seates:
If fought with those succeed that scorne thy care,
It's but by chance, and drawes them in a snare.

45

Thrise happie is the King, that hath the grace
To chuse a counsell whereon to rely,

That

A Paranesis to the Prince.

That loues his person, and respects his place,
And like *Aristides* can whiles cast by
All priuate grudge, the publicke cares t'embrace,
Voide of ambition, hatred or enuie;
And that they be not to betray their seates,
The partiall Pensioners of forreine states.

46

None should but those of that graue number boast,
Whose liues haue long with many vertues glaunc'd,
As Rome respected the Patritians most,
The Nobles (if themselues) should first b'aduanc'd;
Yet in such sort that others haue not lost,
All hope to rise, then worth would not b'enhaunc'd:
For painefull vertue in her course would tire,
Were not she hopes t'haue honor for her hire.

47

But such as those a Prince should most eschue,
That dignities do curiously affect;
Who doth for any publicke charge pursue,
He must haue some particular respect.
They should be godly, prudent, secret, true,
Of whom a King his Councell should erect;
And he, whilst they aduise of zeale and loue,
Should not the maniest, but the best approue.

48

There needs a great discretion for to know,
To ballance each opinion in his mind:
But ah this doth the iudgement oft orethrow,
While as he comes within himselfe confin'd,
And of the Senate would but make a show,
For to confirme that which he hath design'd;
As one that onely hath whereon to rest,
For counsellors his thoughts, their seate his brest.

But what auailles a Senate in this sort,
Whose pow'r within the Capitoll is pent:
A blast of breath that doth for nought import,
But mocks the world with th'vnperform'd intent:
Those are the counsels that great states support,
Which neuer are made knowne but by th'euent,
Not those where wise men matters do propose,
And fooles thereafter as they please dispose.

Nor is this all that ought to be requir'd
In this assembly, that's the kingdomes soule,
That with a knowledge more then rare inspir'd,
A common wealth like *Platoes* in a scroule
They can paint forth; meanes must by them b'acquir'd,
The torrent of disorder to controule,
And arming with authoritie their lines,
To act with iustice that which wit designs.

Great Empreffe of this vniuersall frame,
The *Atlas* on whose shoulders States are staid,
That swayst the raines that all the world do tame,
And makes men good by force with red arraid,
Disorders enemy, virgin without blame,
Within whose ballance good and bad are weigh'd;
O soueraigne of all vertues, without thee
Nor peace, nor warre can entertained be.

Thou from confusion all things hast redeem'd:
Th'assembly of th'Amphictions had bene vaine,
And all those Senates that were most esteem'd,
Wer't not by thee their counsels crown'd remaine;
And all those lawes had but dead letters seem'd,
Which *Solon* or *Lycurgus* did ordaine.

A Paranesis to the Prince.

Wer't not thy sword made all alike to die;
And not the weake, while as the strong scap'd by.

53

O not without great cause all th' Ancients did
Paint Magistrates, that were t' expone the lawes,
Not hauing hands, so briberie to forbid,
Which them from doing right too oft withdrawes:
And with a veile the Iudges eyes were hid,
Who should not see the partie, but the cause.

Gods Deputies that his tribunall reare,
Should haue a patent, not a partiall care.

54

The lacke of Iustice hath huge euils begun,
That by no meanes could be repair'd againe.
The famous Sire of that more famous sonne,
For whom, while as he sleeping did remaine,
One did appeale, till that his sleepe was done:
And whom a widdow did discharge to raigne,
Because he had not time on plaints t' attend,
Did lose his life for such a fault in th' end.

55

This Iustice is the vertue most diuine,
Which shoves kings like the King of kings inclin'd,
Whose sure foundations nought can vndermine,
If once within a constant brest confin'd:
For otherwise she cannot clearly shine,
While as the Magistrate oft changing mind,
Doth whiles aduance, and whiles is slow to strike,
And being suggested, is not still alike.

56

Vse mercie freely, Iustice as constrain'd:
Th' one must be done, though th' other be more deare:
And whiles the forme may make the deed disdain'd,
Whilst Iustice tastes of Tyrannie too neare:

A Paranesis to the Prince.

One may be iustly, yet in rage arraign'd,
Whilst reason rul'd by passions doth appeare.

Once *Socrates*, because ore-com'd with ire,
Did from correcting one (till calm'd) retire.

57

Those that want meanes their anger to asswage,
Do others oft, whiles rob themselues of breath.
Fierce *Valentinian* surfetting in rage,
By bursting of a veine did bleed to death:
And *Theodosius* still, but then thought sage,
Caus'd murder thousands being drunke with wrath,
Who to preuent the like opprobrious crime,
Caus'd still suspend his edicts for a time.

58

All th'actions of a vertuous king proceed
Forth from the source of a paternall loue,
To chastise or cherish as Realmes haue need,
For which he more then for himselfe doth moue;
Who many a millions ease that way to breed,
Makes sometime some his indignation proue,
And like to *Codrus*, cares not death t'embrace,
If for the countries good, and peoples peace.

59

This Ladie, that so long vnarm'd hath stray'd,
Now holds the ballance, and doth draw the sword,
And neuer was more gloriously array'd,
Nor in short time did greater good affoord.
The state that to confusion seem'd betraid,
And could of nought but bloud and wrongs record,
Now freed from trouble and intestine rage,
Doth boast for to restore the golden age.

60

Thus doth thy father (generous Prince) prepare
A way for thee t'attaine t'immortall fame,

And

A Paranesis to the Prince.

And layes the grounds of greatnesse with such care,
That thou maist build great workes vpon the same.
Then since thou art to haue a field so faire,
Whereas thou once maist eternize thy name,
Begin, while as a greater light thine smothers,
And learne to rule thy selfe, ere thou rul'st others.

61

For still true magnanimitie we find,
Doth harbor soone in an Heroicke brest.
To match *Miltiades*, whose glorie shin'd,
Themistocles (a child) was rob'd of rest.
Yet strue to be a Monarke of thy mind:
For as t'attempt great things, all else detest,
A generous emulation spurres the sprite;
So vaine ambition blinds the courage quite.

62

Whilst of th'illustrious liues thou look'st the storie,
Abhorre those Tyrants that still swim'd in bloud;
And follow those, that to their endlesse glorie,
High in their subiects loue by vertue stood.
O! be like him, who on a time was sorie,
Because, while as he chanc'd to do no good,
There hapned but one day for to expire:
That was the worlds delight, the heau'ns desire.

63

But as some gaine great states by being humaine,
Some through their lenitie lose what they haue.
Englands sixt *Henry* could not liue and raigne,
But being simple, did huge foiles receaue:
And *Scipioes* armie mutined in *Spaine*,
That through his gentlenesse their charge did leaue.
O! to the state it brings great profit oft,
For to be whiles seuerer, and not still soft.

To guide his Coursers warely through the skie,
Earst *Phæbus* did his *Phaëton* require,
Saying, from the straight way if he swar'd by,
The heau'ns would burne, or th'earth would be on fire.
So doth twixt two Extremes each vertue lie,
To which the purest sprites ought to aspire:
He liues most sure that no extreame doth touch,
Nothing would be too litle, nor too much.

Some kings, whom all men did in hatred hold,
Whose breasts with auaritious thoughts were torne,
As wretch'd *Vespasian* sought to gather gold
By base and abiect meanes, that braue minds scorne.
Such whilst they seeke not t'haue their greed control'd,
But how they may their treasures adorne,
Are, though like *Cræsus* rich, whilst wealth them blinds,
Yet still as poore as *Irus* in their minds.

And some againe as foolish fancies moue,
That praise without discretion do pursue,
In stead of liberall, prodigall do proue;
Then whilst their treasures they exhausted view,
With Subsidies their subiects do commoue,
And spoile whole realmes for to enrich a few,
Whilst with authoritie their pride they cloake,
That ought to die by smoake for selling smoake.

But ô the Prince most loath'd in euery land,
It's one that's giuen to lust, who hardly can
Free from some great mischiefe a long time stand;
For all the world his deeds with hatred scan.
Should he that hath the honour to command
The noblest creature (great Gods image) man,

A Paranesis to the Prince.

Be to the vilest vice, the basest slaue,
The bodies plague, soules death, and honors graue?

68

Th'vnnaturall monster, that retir'd apart,
Amongst his concubines began to spinne,
Tooke with the habite too a womans heart,
And ended that which *Ninus* did begin.
Faint-hearted *Xerxes*, that did gifts impart
To them that could deuise new waies to sinne,
Though back't with worlds of men in th'emies fight,
Had not the courage for to see them fight.

69

Thus doth soft pleasure but abase the mind,
And making one to seruile thoughts descend,
Doth make the bodie weake, the iudgement blind,
A hatefull life, an ignominious end:
Where those that did this raging tyrant bind
With vertues chaines, their triumphes to attend,
Haue by that meanes a greater glorie gain'd,
Then all the victories that they attain'd.

70

The valorous *Persian* that refus'd t'haue gaz'd
Vpon *Pantheas* beauties, t'ease his toiles,
His glorie by that continencie rais'd,
More then by *Babylons* and *Lidiaes* spoiles:
The *Macedonian* Monarke was more prais'd,
Then for triumphing ore so many soiles,
That of his greatest foe (though beauteous scene)
He chafly entertain'd the captiu'd Queene.

71

Thus haue stil-gaz'd-at Monarkes much a do,
That all the worlds disorders to redresse,

C 3

Should

A Paranesis to the Prince.

Should shine like to the Sunne, the which still lo
The more it mounts aloft, doth seeme the lesse:
They should with confidence go freely to,
And trusting to their worth, their will expresse:
Not like French *Lewis* th' eleuenth, that did maintaine,
That who could not dissemble, could not raigne.

72

But for to guard their state, the strongest barre,
And best refuge in euery dangerous storme,
It is, to be a gallant man of warre,
And t'haue a heart t'attempt, hands to performe;
Not that they hazard should their state too farre,
And to each souldiers course their course conforme.
The skilfull Pilots at the rudder sit:
Let others vse their strength, and them their wit.

73

In *Mars*-his mysteries t'acquire renowne,
It giues Kings glorie, and assures their place:
It breeds them a respect amongst their owne,
And makes their neighbours feare to lose their grace.
Still all those should, that loue to keepe their crowne,
In peace prepare for warre, in warre for peace:
For as all feare a Prince that dare attempt,
The want of courage brings one in contempt.

74

And (royall Of-spring) that hast cause t'aspire,
As one to whom thy birth high hopes assign'd,
This well becomes the courage of thy Sire,
That traines thee vp according to thy kind.
He, though the world his prosp'rous raigne admire,
In which his subiects such a comfort find,
Hath (if once mou'd the bloudie art t'imbrace)
That wit for to make warre, which now keepes peace.

And

And ô how this (deare Prince) the people charmes,
That focke about thee whiles in rauish'd bands,
To see thee young, yet manage so thine armes,
And haue *Mineruaes* mind, *Bellonaes* hands.
This exercife thy tender courage warmes;
And still true greatnesse but by vertue stands:
Agessilaus said, no King could be
More great, vnlesse more vertuous, then he.

Although that all of thee great things expect,
Thou as too litle mak'st their hopes asham'd:
As he that on *Olympus* did detect
The famous *Thebans* foote, his bodie fram'd:
By thy beginnings so we may collect,
How great thy worth by time may be proclaim'd:
For who thy actions doth remarke, may see,
That there be many *Cesars* within thee.

Though many a realme by long experience finds,
That all the greatest blessings peace imparts,
As that which to good order all men binds;
Yet breeds this Isle, still populous in varts,
Such vigorous bodies, and such restless minds,
That they disdain t'imbrace Mechanicke arts;
And being haughtie cannot liue in rest:
Yea, t'hold such idle, it's a dangerous pest.

Earst prudent *Cato* told in some few howres,
What danger to the *Romaines* did redound,
While as they raz'd the *Carthaginian* towres;
By which, while as they stood, still meanes were found
With others harmes to exercife their powers;
The want whereof their greatnesse did confound.

A Paraphsis to the Prince.

For when no more with forraine foes imbroil'd,
Straight with intestine warres the state was spoil'd.

79

No, since this soyle that in great sprites abounds,
Can hardly nurce her nurcelings all in peace,
Then let vs keepe her bosome free from wounds,
And spend our furie in some forraine place.
There is no wall can limite now our bounds,
But all the world will need walles in short space,
T'hold backe our troupes from seizing on new thrones:
The marble chaire must passe the Ocean once.

80

What furour ore my iudgement doth preuaile:
Me thinkes I see all th'earth glaunce with our armes,
And groning *Neptune* charg'd with many a saile:
I heare the thundring trumpet sound th'alarmes,
Whilst all the neighbring nations do looke pale;
Such sudden feare each panting heart disarmes,
To see those martiall minds together gone,
The *Lion* and the *Leopard* in one.

81

I (*Henrie*) hope with this mine eyes to feed,
Whilst, ere thou wearst a crowne, thou wear'st a shield,
And when thou making thousands for to bleed,
That dare behold thy count'nance and not yeeld,
Sturres through the bloudie dust a foaming steed,
An interested witnesse in the field,
I may amongst those bands thy Grace attend,
And be thy *Homer*, when the warres do end.

82

But stay, where fliest thou (*Muse*) so farre astray?
And whilst affection doth thy course command,
Dares thus about thy reach attempt a way,
To sing to th'Heire of *Albions* warlike land,

Who

A Paranesis to the Prince.

Who gotten hath, his generous thoughts t'array
A Royall gift out of a Royall hand;
And hath before his eyes, that type of worth,
That starre of state, that Pole that guides the North.

83

Yet ore thy father lo (such is thy fate)
Thou hast this vantage, that may profite thee,
An orphan'd Infant settled in his seate,
He greater then himselfe could neuer see:
Where thou maist learne by him the art of State,
And by another what thy selfe should'ft be;
Whil'ft that which he had onely but heard told,
Thou may'ft practis'd in all his course behold.

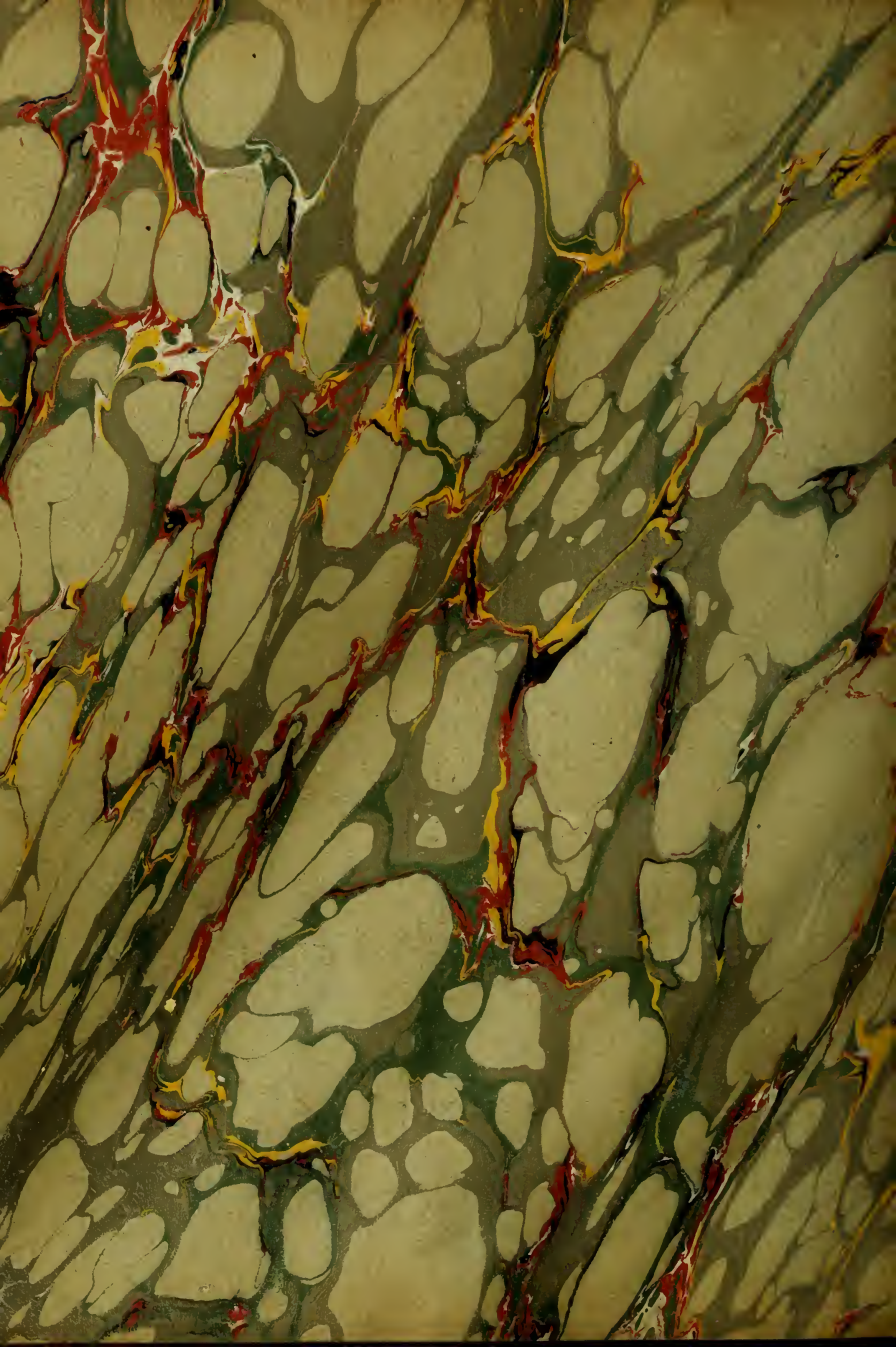
84

And this aduantage long mought thou retaine,
By which to make thee blest the heau'ns conspire;
And labour of his woorth to make thy gaine,
To whose perfections thou maist once aspire:
When as thou shew'ft thy selfe, whil'ft thou dost raigne,
A Sonne that's worthie of so great a Sire,
And with his Scepters, and the peoples harts,
Dost still inherite his Heroicke parts.

W. A.

FINIS.

D



MAY 6 1930

